NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER
W. R. HEARST.

182 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Showery, warmer, southwesterly winds.

FRESH ASPECTS OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

What the reported ultimatum delivered by the Bulgarian Government to the Porte may mean carries with it effective possibilities bearing on the war now being carried on against Greece. It is stated on apparently reliable authority that the Bulgarians will begin to mobilize their army at once unless five more bishops of their nationality are allowed in Macedonia and a similar permission granted for commercial agents at Uskub and Monastir. It has also been affirmed, though in less direct fashion, that Servia will follow the lead of Bulgaria in case hostilities should result from this suddenly sprung claim. The plea put forward in itself is scarcely sufficient to justify the Bulgarian attitude. The provision in the Berlin treaty providing that no obstacles should be put in the way of organizing the different Christian communions of the Turkish Empire seems to be the shadowy pretence on which the Bulgarian principality, which is nominally under the suzerainty of Turkey, now comes forward.

The fact seems to be that the imbroglio of Turkey with Greece gives Bulgaria a chance of which she is eager to avail herself. The other Balkan States may easily come to a similar conclusion. There is no one of them which does not nurse grievances against the political conditions prescribed by the Berlin treaty, which defined their positions. In the case of Bulgaria, that people were as much the sport of international selfishness as Greece has more recently been. By the treaty of San Stefano, which was so quickly upset, a Great Bulgaria was created, with a seaport at Salonica, a scheme which filled the Bulgars with passionate enthusiasm. The substitute in the Berlin treaty was an arrangement by which the proposed political plan was abrogated. The great nationality was cut in two, one-half left in direct subjection to the Turk, the other allowed to exist as an autonomy under Turkish suzerainty. This has rankled bitterly ever since in the hearts of the Bulgarian people, and it is by no means surprising that they take advantage of the present situation. That the nominal demand made is merely a cover for a larger purpose seems to be in reason. The imperious manner with which the Bulgarians have presented an ultimatum carrying the threat of instant war leaves no other conclusion.

With this prospect looming before her, Turkey will scarcely venture to send the reinforcements called for by the situation in Thessaly. She could not venture to strip herself of a powerful defence against complications so dangerous. A Bulgarian army pouring into Northern Macedonia and co-operating with the Greek would completely cut her communications, and the Turkish army in Greece would be paralyzed. At war in the Balkans, the effect for Turkey would plainly be, from a military point of view, that she would be compelled to fall back from any further invasion of Greece and assume a strict defensive in Macedonia. If the Bulgarian threat is more than pure bluff, it may well be the deus ex machina to compel a prompt intervention of the Great Powers. It is well understood that the whole philosophy which underlay the absurd European diplomacy of the last three months is the desire to retain present political divisions intact. With war raging in the Balkans, the contagion of which would quickly spread through all the principalities, that diplomatic dream would speedily be made hopeless. In addition to this, the confederate powers themselves could scarcely hope to keep themselves aloof from mutual embroilment. The precipitation of this new factor in the Eastern war problem would be of the most far-reaching consequences. All those who sympathize with gallant Greece in her struggle will welcome such a change in the situation, if it comes about.

A SELF-CONSTITUTED TAXING POWER.

The Sugar Trust is preparing to secure a large extension to its power to tax the people of the United States. That is a power which the Constitution vests in Congress, but Congress has become accustomed to delegate it with considerable freedom. Among its beneficiaries, the Sugar Trust has not been the least favored. The Trust gets a protection from Congress equal to at least three-eighths of a cent per pound on the necessary of life in which it deals. It has been able to increase this tax by certain familiar tricks of monopoly. It requires, for example, from each of its customers a declaration that he has not sold, nor will sell, nor has any employe, salesman or agent of his sold, either directly or indirectly, any of the sugars bought of the Trust for less than its daily quotation, with freight added from refining point to point of sale (as per Equality Rate Book), nor on more liberal terms as to credit or cash discounts.

The Trust is nearly ten years old. It was organized under a trust deed dated August 16, 1887. That deed was an agreement between the owners of all the shares of stock of a number of sugar refining companies doing business in the States of New York, Massachusets, Maine, New Jersey, Missouri, Louisiana and California, by which they assigned their shares to certain persons designated "trustees of the sugar refineries company." It was only the shares of stock of the corporations which were transferred to these trustees, the various properties being managed as before. The total capital stock of all the companies that went into the trust was only about $7,000,000, but, in view of the probable earning capacity secured by the new deal, the combination was capitalized at $50,000,000. In 1888 the Attorney-General of New York brought an action on behalf of the people against the North River Refining Company, praying for its dissolution on the ground that it had forfeited its independence, and thereby vacated its charter, by entering into the Trust combination. The Court of Appeals finally upheld the claim of the Attorney-General, and in June, 1890, the Trust was forced to reorganize by becoming incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the capital being fixed at the same amount as that of the original combination.

When the Philadelphia refineries were brought in later the capital stock was enlarged, on the same liberal scale as had been previously followed, and the "earning capacity" was expanded accordingly. In other words, the power of the Trust to maintain a monopoly was held to be worth eight or ten times the cash value of the properties of which it was composed. That power simply rests on the ability of the Trust to defy the law and to arrogate to itself the authority to impose an oppressive tax on the people of the United States. In this enterprise the chief agents of the Trust have been the wholesale grocers—that trade upon which, more than upon any other, our people are dependent for their food supply. The grocers, in return for a guaranteed share of the plunder of the Trust, have combined with it to limit production, raise prices, treble and quadruple profits, and boycott and drive from the business any dealer who dares to attempt to serve the public more cheaply. The combine exists in defiance of the common law of the States, the specific statutory inhibition of most of them, and the Anti-Monopoly law of the United States. It is more powerful than courts, legislatures, and executive authority; it represents a tyranny with which the people will either have to demonstrate their ability to cope or confess that the free institutions transmitted to them by the Fathers of the Republic are a failure.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN PUBLIC OFFICE.

The question is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States whether the power exists anywhere to remove a Federal officer having a fixed term of office within the term for which he is appointed. It took the fathers of the Republic some time to settle the question whether the Constitution vested in the President the absolute power of removing subordinate officers. Hamilton thought, at one time, at least, that it did not, while Madison was most decidedly of the opinion that it did. In the First Congress, held in New York City, Madison said that the question resolves itself into this: Is the power of displacing an executive power? For his part, he could conceive of no power so essentially executive as the power of appointing, overseeing and controlling those who execute the laws. Madison's interpretation was accepted, and from that time up to the passage of the Tenure of Office act in 1867 there never was any question about the power of the President to make summary removals, even of officers for whose appointment the Constitution required the consent of the Senate.

In 1820 a law was passed which provided that "All district-attorneys, collectors of customs, naval officers and surveyors of the customs, navy agents, receivers of public moneys for lands, registers of the land offices, paymasters in the army," and other officers named should be appointed "for the term of four years, but shall be removable from office at pleasure." Under the terms of the Tenure of Office act it was provided that removals should thereafter be made only by the President and Senate in conjunction, temporary suspension only being allowed when Congress was not in session. In the revision of the statutes in 1874 the law of 1820 was retained as to the four-year term of the designated officers, the removal-at-pleasure clause being dropped. The distinctive provisions of the Tenure of Office act continued to be law until 1887, when they were repealed. Now it is contended in a case raised by a former United States District-Attorney of Alabama that, as under the law of 1820, revised by that of 1874, he held office for a term of four years, he could not have been legally removed within his term but for the power of removal by the President and Senate contained in the Tenure of Office act. With the repeal of that he contends that all power of removal during the prescribed term disappeared, and he accordingly claims the emoluments received by his successor during the year of his term which he was prevented from enjoying.

Should this contention be sustained, some legislation will obviously be needed to restore to the Executive a prerogative which stood unquestioned between 1789 and 1867, and whose infringement for the purpose of "getting even" with President Johnson has been held to be of doubtful constitutionality. There is only one case on record in which the Supreme Court showed a disposition to sustain the right of an officer to the enjoyment of his office during the term for which he was appointed, in the absence of any charges of misconduct against him. That is known as the Guthrie case, and had reference to the right of the Chief Justice of the Territory of Minnesota. Here, however, the power of removal was only indirectly involved, and so far as can be gathered from the record, Justice McLean, who dissented from the majority opinion, expressed sentiments that the majority approved when he laid down the following as rules established beyond the possibility of contradiction: "That in a republican form of government public offices are created for the benefit of the people; that the officer does not hold a private estate and property in the office, and when the officer is unfit for any cause whatever, he ought to be displaced and another appointed for the benefit of the people and their security, or if the office itself be found upon experience to be unnecessary, it should be abolished." This would seem to be as sound doctrine to-day as it was twenty-four years ago.

NO PARDON DESERVED.

Broker Chapman, who, under the decision of the Supreme Court, is condemned to pay a fine of $100 and serve thirty days in jail because he would not tell the Senate what he knew about the sugar speculations of members of that body, will, it is said, appeal to the President for a pardon. Why Broker Chapman should be saved from prison, except on the plea that he dislikes the idea of going there, is not apparent. Among the reasons for non-interference with justice in his case is the statement of District-Attorney Davis, of Washington, that a pardon extended to Chapman "would operate as a pardon for all the other contumacious witnesses, including Havemeyer and Searles." Mr. Davis adds that "unless the President interferes, Messrs. Havemeyer and Searles will not get off any more easily than did Mr. Chapman."

On every ground of right and public policy it is to be earnestly wished that President McKinley will hold his hands off these cases. The punishment allotted is very light indeed. If Broker Chapman and Trust Millionaires Havemeyer and Searles had been conscious that, instead of a possible thirty days, a year or more behind the bars awaited them in return for silence, it is more than likely they would have opened their lips, given the information demanded, and enabled the Senate to hold up to deserved public obloquy the Senators who used the knowledge which came to them through their official position to make money in Wall Street.

In his effort to seize another instalment of Chicago streets Mr. Yerkes, the street railway magnate, lays great stress on the "vested rights" argument. According to the corporation definition "vested rights" is something the people don't enjoy.

It turns out that the Cincinnati official who is deficient in his mental powers is also short in his accounts. The Cincinnati voters are uncovering quite a number of striking irregularities by their Spring house-cleaning.

Young Mr. Sewall has been rewarded for his bombastic opposition to the Presidential ticket which bore his father's name. It is a distinction that few Americans would care to have.

The Western frost is hardly a circumstance to the reception John Sherman is giving those office seekers who don't happen to be related to him.

Mr. Mason may succeed in making the United States Senate laugh, but he will never be able to make it move any faster than its present gait.

The tax on the ingenuity of those persons who are compelled to furnish excuses for slipping off to the baseball games is now due.

Since the retirement of Mr. Roosevelt from the Police Board the war in the Levant is the most exciting attraction in progress.

Ohio's first electrocution was a sizzling success. The lives of both the murderers went out without a flicker.

The howl of a disappointed politician is about as effective as the challenge of a defeated prize fighter.

A Moment with the Chappies.

As a red sunset foretells a fair day, so a jolly bachelor's dinner augurs a happy wedding. At any rate, that is the way Arthur Kemp's friends interpret the feast which he spread for twenty-four of his chums at the Waldorf last night—a feast that was, in the expert opinion of Oscar, the maitre d'hotel, the finest ever known.

Of course, that Baltimore pink of perfection, Harry Lehr, who will persist in the almost coquettish announcement that he isn't engaged to Miss Van Alen, was present.

I mention him in preference to the other twenty-three guests because he is very dear to Arthur Kemp; because he is reckoned with canvasback and terrapin as a good thing from Baltimore; because he is as exquisite as an orchid from the Orinoco; and because he has aroused the jealousy of New York chappies to such an extent that they refer to him as "Prettylegs" and "Harriet" Lehr.

But Harry is a bonny boy and only ripples with gleeful gladness at these evidences of spite. He was the life of the dinner last night, and at Arthur Kemp's wedding on the 29th there wont be anything loveller than he, except, of course, the beautiful bride.

The beautiful bride, by the way, still persists in her determination to have sunshine or no wedding, and the prospective bridegroom and all his friends are trying every conceivable scheme to keep the rain away.

I would suggest as a means of insuring clear skies that they prevail upon "Farmer" Dunn, the weather sharp, to predict a flood for the 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Naething furnish the interesting information that they will entertain one hundred and fifty guests at their residence, 267 West Seventy-second street, on the day of the Grant parade.

The honor of an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Naething is not a part of my fortune, but from the number of their guests I should say they are Naething if not hospitable.

The chappisettes were happy yesterday. They fluttered down to the Players' Club like doves to a dovecote, gave numerous exclamations of delight at seeing the bed of Edwin Booth, admired the collection of stage memorabilia, gushed over the portraits on the walls, lauded the house appointments and looked in vain for the dear actor men.

It is true that Frederick de Belleville and Fritz Williams were on the reception committee, but they weren't enough to go around, although they did their utmost to that end.

Even the luxuriant locks of Frank Sanger and the tripping speech of F. F. Mackay couldn't quite fill the deeply felt want. So it came about that the chappisettes went home with a certain sense of disappointment, although there was some consolation in the reflection that they had seen the place where their heroes housed.

The next time the Players' Club gives a ladies' day it ought to choose the reception committee on the basis of beauty instead of brains.

The Lotos Club, which is another institution that attracts the chapple of bohemian tendencies, is going to honor itself to-night in honoring William Winter.

I don't set myself up as a Solomon in matters of art and literature and poetry and all that sort of thing, but I am told that Mr. William Winter knows more of Shakespeare than any other mortal man, and that the information he can furnish at a properly served dinner on the subject of the Bard of Avon is well nigh paralytic in its effect.

If the dinner is a success, therefore (and I don't doubt that it will be), and Mr. Winter is in the mood (which he is almost certain to be), we may look for a general paralysis in the small hours of to-morrow morning that shall include President Frank Lawrence, General Horace Porter, Chauncey M. Depew, Captain William Henry White, A. Oakey Hall and all the rest of that butterfly brotherhood of dudes that eat the Lotos only to get gay.

Speculation is rife among the chappies of the Newport set as to what Willie Ever Dear Stokes will do with the cabbies that have roosted with the owls on the fence of the Jim Bennett place in the City-by-the-Sea ever since "The Commodore" took up his permanent residence in France.

Willie, you know, has taken the Bennett place, and is going to make a Newport campaign this Summer with his pretty wife, his splendid horses, his many millions and his official position as American Representative of the Imperial Stud of the Czar of Russia.

That he will succeed, nobody doubts. In the lexicon of Stokes there is no such word as fail. But his first battle will be with the roosting cabbies, and all Newport is taking more interest in the coming fight than in the war between Greece and Turkey.

Miss Amy Baker is a very admirable young woman, who has entertained the haut ton of Gotham satisfactorily for several seasons. She is going to give her annual recital at Sherry's on the 26th, when she will be assisted by Miss Alice Verlet, soprano; Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, and Orton Bradley, pianist.

Miss Baker's patronesses are from the cream of society, and are her enthusiastic friends. This means, of course, that the entertainment will be a monetary success.

The "Humming Birds" of the Opera Club, who are so inconsolable over the loss of the divine Calve that they are actually silent, will be interested to know that the diva has purchased an old castle in the heart of the Cevennes. It is called Chateau Cabrieres, after its original owner, and is perched on a rock seven hundred feet above the valley of Tarn.

On the estate are three great mountains, which the prima donna has named "Carmen," "Cavalleria" and "Navarraise," these three operas having been the means of providing her with funds for the purchase of the chateau.

If the "Humming Birds" could only fly to the heart of the Cevennes and perch above the Chateau Cabrieres, Calve would get a reception on her arrival there that would duplicate the wildest moments of the palmiest days of the omnibus box in the Metropolitan Opera House.

What incredible story is this from Chicago? Ham Fish, Jr., held up for $700 in Windtown?

I don't believe it. All the concentrated cyclones of all the woozy West couldn't hold up such a tornado as Ham Fish, Jr.

Is your country cousin in town?

And does she think that seats for the Grant parade are as thick as blackberries along the sweet lanes in Summer?

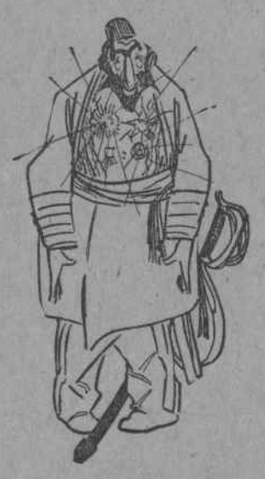
If she isn't or doesn't and you feel that you really can't get along without a country cousin until the parade is over, why just send me word and I'll tell you where you can borrow one.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE FALL OF EDHEM PASHA; OR, How Prince Constantine Knocked the Grease Out of the Turkish Commander.

A WARLIKE OPERETTA BY A MODERN HOMER WHO IS NOT BLIND TO AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

(Scene Elassona. Edhem Pasha standing in front of his tent surrounded by his officers, suddenly becomes inspired, throws out his chest, and, looking aloft at the crescent moon, sings with the lordly and suave dignity of the janitor of a Harlem flat.)



By the Beard of the Prophet, I'll strew
All the plains with the bones of the Greek,
I will chase them and cut them in two,
And I'll do it inside of a week.
Oh, the plains with their blood will run red,
In the breezes their whiskers will flash,
With their eyeballs the birds will be fed,
For I'm Edhem, the passionate Pash!

Chorus of Officers.

Oh, Edhem, will drive them right into the seas,
And they'll learn he's no warrior sham;
Oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem's the cheese;
He's our beautiful, blooming Edam.

By the Beard of the Prophet, I'll knock
All the grease spots right out of the Greek;
I will land like a dynamite shock,
With a roar and a rip and a shriek.
Through the carnage, the dust and the smoke,
I will charge on my charger, Spot Cash;
Oh, the Greek, I will fell at a stroke,
For I'm Edhem, the passionate Pash!

Chorus.

Oh, Edhem, will drive them right into the seas,
And they'll learn he's no warrior sham;
Oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem's the cheese;
He's our beautiful, blooming Edam.

By the Beard of the Prophet, ha, ha!
I will trample them into the earth,
And I'll caper the tra la la
On their bones in my horrible mirth.
Oh, the jackals a banquet will spy
And enjoy when at moonlight they dash
O'er the plains where the Greek is piled high
By old Edhem, the passionate Pash!

Chorus.

Oh, Edhem, will drive them right into the seas,
And they'll learn he's no warrior sham;
Oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem, oh, Edhem's the cheese;
He's our beautiful, blooming Edam.

(Scene—Before the Crown Prince Constantine's tent. The Prince, surveying the situation, makes a conservative estimate of the Turks' strength, and how near the latter will come to not doing a thing to him. Upon the whole he regards the outlook in rather a sportive, sanguine way, and sings:)

The Turk is quite breezy
Who thinks the Greek's greasy,
And also dead easy.
Ha ha.

Chorus of Greek Generals:

Prince Constantine's not
Such a dead easy mark,
And the Turk so red hot
Will emerge from the dark
When he learns that his bite in the scrimmage
Is fifty rimes worse than his bark.
Old Edhem in battle
Will meet and not rattle
Our bones like wild cattle
In flight.
He'll find us wild vaulters
And spry somersaulters
Who'll fight for our altars
All night.

Chorus.

Prince Constantine's n ot
Such a dead easy ma rk,
And the Turk so red hot
Will emerge from the dark
When he learns that his bite in the scrimmage
Is fifty times worse than his bark.

We'll warble our paean
Beside the Aegean—
The lush pork and be-an
Our food.
And joy won't be tasted
Till Edhem is pasted
And thumped and lambasted
For good.

Chorus.

Prince Constantine's not
Such a dead easy mark,
And the Turk so red hot
Will emerge from the dark
When he learns that his bite in the scrimmage
Is fifty times worse than his bark.

(On the Plains of Thessaly. Edhem Pasha, gayly ducking under the balls sent after him by Constantine, and failing to counter, begins to believe that distance lends enchantment to one's views of safety. He is flying along, head down, like a jockey, covered with smoke, and his clothing moth-eaten with bullets, when an aide rides up.)

AIDE—Where are we going, High Mightiness?

EDHEM—Homeward, methinks, to embark in the rug business.

AIDE—On this morning, my lord, you said you would not do a thing to them.

EDHEM—And I have kept my word.

AIDE—Are we in it?

EDHEM—In what?

AIDE—The game?

EDHEM—We are not—we can't score.

Edhem sings:

I have met the wild Greek and I'll meet him no more;
I've been licked till in spirit I'm weary and sore.

In the morn on my banners danced gayly the sun
In the purple p. m. I am dead on the run.
Oh, my hopes are all smashed as I fly o'er the green
In my woe from the soldiers of Prince Constantine.

Ne'er again will my scimitar flash in the fray,
In its scabbard 'twill rust in disgrace from to-day.

Though I went forth to conquer with prophesies big,
Very soon on the Crescent the Greek danced a jig,
And I fly like the wind o'er the corse-dotted scene,
From the guns of the soldiers of Prince Constantine.

(After the retreat, while Edhem is leisurely combing bullets out of his hair, the aide approaches and asks, reverently):

AIDE—How did you come to get licked?

EDHEM—I wasn't in condition. I was overtrained. Besides, it wasn't fair. I was doing him up in great style when he did me by accident.

AIDE—I suppose you want another chance at him, don't you?

EDHEM—That's all I want. Just another chance. I had him dead sure, and the kinetoscope will prove it. All I want is to get another chance at him for the biggest purse obtainable——

(Sounds of great confusion. After the clamor has subsided the army of Edhem, appreciating the situation, sings:)

Old Edhem has fallen and gone to thunder.
His sword is broken, his star has set,
His hopes are scattered and flown asunder.
Oh, he was the Greek's when the Greek he met.

Oh, give us, oh give us, our grand old hero,
And our hopes will never know glory's zero.
We'll dance in triumph like Lithe Otero,
When Osman goes to the front, you bet!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Romantic Career of Edhem Pasha.

Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turkish army in the present war with Greece, has had a most romantic and interesting history. He is not only of Greek origin, but also of Christian parentage. However, strange to say, he is an enthusiastic and fanatic Mohammedan and loyal subject of the present Sultan. His change of religion was caused by a number of strange circumstances which occurred in his youth. He was born on the beautiful island of Chio, in the Aegean Sea. This island was famous in ancient history, and is said to have been the birthplace of Homer. It is seven miles from the coast of Asia Minor and is situated on the Gulf of Smyrna. It is known for its great productivity, mild climate and natural beauty.

For centuries Chio has been under Turkish rule, although the largest part of its population is of Greek descent. In the many wars and insurrections for Grecian liberty, the people of this lovely island have always borne the brunt of Turkish cruelty and tyranny. This was especially true in 1822, when the Greeks began a long struggle for freedom. Edhem Pasha was then a small child. The inhabitants of Chio did not participate in the insurrections which occurred in that year, but were following their usual occupations. However, a body of revolutionists came from the island of Samos and landed in Chio. They endeavored to excite the inhabitants to revolution, but met with no success. The Chiotes answered that it would be foolish for them to revolt, because the absence of a Greek fleet rendered them almost certain prey to the Sultan's troops on the mainland. The Samians, however, refused to obey and laid siege to the citadel, then occupied by a Turkish garrison. The Turkish soldiers were driven out, and the fortress reduced to ashes. Soon after an army of seven thousand Turks, with a host of fanatical volunteers, landed on the island. For weeks after the soldiers and the roving hordes of Ottomans slew, pillaged and tortured the inhabitants. In parts of the island the people took refuge in the monasteries, but were pursued and killed by thousands. Even the sick in the hospitals were not spared. Over twenty-three thousand men, women and children were killed, five thousand escaped and forty-seven thousand were sold into slavery and glutted the slave markets of Egypt, Constantinople and of Tunis.

Edhem Pasha's parents were among the killed. He was sold to a Turkish General named Khosseo Pasha, who took him to Constantinople. His master, however, gave him his liberty, and with a number of boys he was sent to Paris to be educated. He entered the Institute Barbet, where he remained four years. He evinced great industry and scholarship, and all his teachers predicted for him a great future and brilliant career. After graduating from this school with great honor, he entered a school of mines, and four more years were spent in close application and study. After travelling through France, Germany and Switzerland he returned to Constantinople and was appointed a captain on the general staff of the Turkish army. In 1840 the Sultan made him his Adjutant, and he also became the French instructor of the late Sultan Murad and of the present ruler, Abdul Hamid. Later on he was intrusted with a number of important political missions. In 1856 he became a member of the Council of State and was then appointed Minister of the Interior, but resigned his portfolio after a year. In 1867 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs and subsequently represented his country at Berlin. In 1877, upon the banishment of Midhat Pasha, he became Grand Vizier, which position he filled with great ability. In 1879 he was Ambassador to Vienna, and from 1883 to 1885 he was again Minister of the Interior.

Edhem Pasha has always shown great hatred toward foreigners and against Christians. At the peace conference at the end of the Russian-Turkish war in 1877 he was the last of the Turkish Ministers to give his consent to the final settlement of the hostilities. He had always been an enthusiastic Turkish chauvinist. He is a zealous member of the Young Turkish party, which has proclaimed the doctrine of the greatness of Islam and Turkey for the Turks.

It is interesting to note that Edhem Pasha's brother was for many years a Catholic priest in the city of Constantinople. He died a few years ago.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson, "who was the woman?"

"My wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Perkasie—This new hat of mine is all the rage.

Mr. Perkasie—It is the price which enrages me.—Detroit Free Press.

"Maw, aint a man and his boy two persons?"

"Certainly, Willie. Why do you ask such a question as that?"

"'Cause I bet Bob Hicks my knife agin his bag of marbles that it's right to say 'Dombey & Son are a very interesting book,' and if he doesn't pay it I'm a-goin' to lick 'im!'"—Chicago Tribune.

"You know the mean tenant that Chipper is always complaining about?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chipper thinks he has an awful good joke on him. The tenant burned up one side of the coal shed for kindling wood, and now the neighbors get in at night and steal his coal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teacher—Yes, when the Prince of Wales, who is heir to the throne, enters the room, everybody rises except the Queen. Now, can any little girl tell me why it is that the Queen doesn't rise?

Mary Ann—Please, ma'am, it's 'cause he'd snatch her chair if she did!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Your typewriter girl seems to be very ambitious."

"She is; she has one great and powerful ambition."

"What is it?"

"She wants to get off earlier every afternoon."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Homewood—Have you heard of Skimgullet's arrest?

Mr. Frankstown—No; what was he arrested for?

"He is charged with appropriating money."

"That's queer. Congress and the State Legislatures appropriate money and are never arrested."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Warning to Mr. Ingalls's Critics.

[Washington Post.]

John J. Ingalls's critics should not go too far. John J. is probably making a study of the heart punch.